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PANICS AND FIRES IN THEATRES.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

It is said that at the moment of the destruction of Pompeii by a volcanic eruption in 79 A.D., a dramatic representation was being given in the theatre. Whether the statement is absolutely reliable or not I am not in a position to say; but certain it is that from the earliest days of stage spectacles theatres have been peculiarly subject to the ravages of the fire-king. Nor have these ravages had their origin in external causes, as in the case of the theatre in Pompeii, or in that of the eight theatres burned to the ground during the Chicago conflagration in 1871. As a rule, the destroying element owes its origin to actual or supposed danger from within. The lessening of this danger is now a problem which those in authority must face without flinching. The terrible disaster at Exeter has made further delay impossible, and the community at large will certainly not be content until the minimum of risk attendant on theatre-going has been realised.

Before touching on a few out of the many causes and preventives of playhouse catastrophes, it might be instructive to glance at some of the more notable conflagrations and panics in theatres which have occurred during the present century. One of the earliest was that of Covent Garden Theatre, which was burned to the ground on September 20, 1808. Discovered at four o'clock in the morning, the fire raged furiously for three hours, when the entire interior of the noble structure was destroyed. Nearly all the scenery, wardrobes, and the music and dramatic library—including some of the originals of Handel and Arne—shared the same fate, and, sad to relate, eleven firemen were buried in the ruins. These men had introduced a hose through an adjoining passage, and were directing it towards the galleries, when the burning roof fell in and overwhelmed them. The origin of the fire remained in obscurity, though it was

supposed to have been caused by the wadding of a gun fired during the performance of *Pizarro* on the previous night.

Twenty years afterwards, Covent Garden was the scene of another fatality, the circumstances attending which seem sufficiently uncommon to merit a record. Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon of November 19, 1828, one of the gasometers used for lighting the theatre exploded, and the storekeeper and gas-man were killed on the spot. It appeared that the cellars, in which the oil-gas apparatus was fixed, were being cleaned. In these cellars was an accumulation of putrid oil and dirt, which adhered to the sides of the tanks and floated on the surface of the water. Water was being pumped into the tanks, and the workmen continued until the oil on the surface ran over and covered the passages ankle deep. The workmen were moving about with candles, and, by some mishap, the accumulation on the floor ignited. At the same time, there was an escape of gas from one of the gasometers, and this mixing with the burning oil-vapours, an explosion was the natural result.

Nearly thirty years later—on March 5, 1856—Covent Garden was once more demolished. This time, happily, no lives were lost, but the attendant circumstances were sufficiently terrible. Professor Anderson, the then well-known 'Wizard of the North,' had been concluding a successful season with a 'Grand Carnival Complimentary Benefit and Dramatic Gala.' Such an entertainment naturally brought together many revellers of questionable character, and it is said that 'at a late hour the theatre presented a scene of undisguised indecency and drunkenness.' At daybreak, however, many of the maskers had disappeared, and when the fire broke out, about two hundred only remained. About a quarter to five, Professor Anderson told the band to play the national anthem, and ordered the gas-man to lower the lights. The gas-man proceeding to obey the order, happened to look upwards, and saw fire breaking out in the ceiling; and the horrors of the moment may be imagined by his exclamation:

'The house is on fire! Get out for your lives!' The gas was immediately extinguished, and terror seized on all. Fortunately, the maskers were able to escape with the assistance of the police, and in a couple of hours the building was laid low. The excitement caused by this conflagration was widespread, extending even to royalty, as the Queen, Princess Royal, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales visited the ruins the following day. Whatever the cause of this catastrophe may have been, a fact which came out at the inquiry held afterwards is worth noting. It appeared that the central chandelier of eight hundred burners was ten or twelve feet from the carpenter's shop, which, with the painting-room, extended right over the ceiling. 'The burners,' says the Report, 'had been lighted at twelve o'clock on Monday, had burned brilliantly on Monday night, had been turned low when the performance was over, had burned glimmeringly during the night and following morning, and had been turned on to their fullest extent when the revels of the masked ball had commenced.' When to this is added the information that the firemen were forty consecutive hours on duty, rendering vigilance an impossibility, the cause of the fire might easily be guessed. Strange to say, this was the third theatre burned down during Professor Anderson's tenancy—one in New York, the other in Glasgow.

The destruction of the Italian Opera House in Paris, on January 14, 1838, constitutes one out of the many instances of fires breaking out in theatres immediately after the departure of the audience. The audience had scarcely retired, when a fire broke out in the musicians' saloon, which was heated by a stove and two hot tubes. There was a hard frost at the time, and water, consequently, was obtained with difficulty. In a few hours the building was demolished, while five firemen and M. Severini, the acting-manager, perished in the flames.

Further down the list may be noticed one of the most disastrous panics of the century, which occurred at the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, Glasgow, in 1849. Here, as is too often the case, a false alarm of fire caused the people to lose their heads, with the inevitable result of losing their lives as well. To give a fillip to the popularity of the theatre, the prices to the upper gallery had been reduced to threepence, a price which crowded the gallery with about five hundred people, mostly lads. Just as the first act of *The Surrender of Calais* was concluding, an alarm of fire was given from the crowded gallery. The alarm was occasioned by a piece of paper being thrown down after lighting a pipe, and this igniting a small escape of gas—which was, however, immediately extinguished—gave colour to the alarm. In vain the gallery boys were implored to keep their seats; in vain were they told that danger did not exist: the inevitable rush ensued, and sixty-five corpses were added to the awful total caused by senseless escapades.

Another fatality, which will doubtless be in the memory of many of our readers, was that which occurred in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in 1865, when six lives were lost, including that of

the Dean of Guild, Mr George Lorimer. Here, as at the recent disaster at Exeter, the fire began in the 'flies,' though, fortunately, it broke out an hour or two before the audience had assembled.

A curious and, unfortunately, almost isolated instance of presence of mind in an audience occurred in Plymouth in January 1863. During the performance of the pantomime, a feeling of uneasiness spread over the audience, owing to a strong smell of fire; but on a strict examination of the theatre being made, confidence was restored, and the performance proceeded without interruption. After the audience had departed, Mr Newcombe, the manager, and others, wishing to make assurance doubly sure, re-examined every part of the building, and found everything in a seemingly safe condition. Soon after, however, a fire broke out in the property-rooms. Had the audience imitated the fool-hardiness of the gallery people at the Glasgow theatre, loss of life would probably have been unavoidable.

Another instance of presence of mind preventing a fatality occurred at the Surrey Theatre in 1865. The pantomime had just concluded, and the audience was leaving the building, when the fire broke out in the ceiling above the central chandelier. The stage-manager, advancing to the footlights, implored the people to disperse quietly, which advice, fortunately, they were sensible enough to follow, and, in consequence, loss of life was prevented. When it is known that in less than half an hour the theatre was in flames, and that the pantomimists were obliged to make their escape in the grotesque costumes they were then wearing, sufficient will have been said to indicate what might have been the result had the stage-manager's advice been unheeded.

Quite different was the conduct of the audience at the Victoria Music Hall in Manchester on July 31, 1868, when about two thousand persons, principally boys of the 'arab' type, were present. Late in the evening, some youths were standing on benches in front of the pit; one or two of the benches gave way, and some of the lads, to save themselves a very trifling fall, clutched at a slender gas pendant. The gaspipe broke, but was at once plugged with paper by some one whose presence of mind was considerably more developed than that of his neighbours. No harm would have resulted, had not some foolish fellow raised the cry of fire. The usual consequences followed. Out of one thousand people in the two galleries, scarcely twenty refrained from joining in the rush, in which twenty-three people were killed.

Another Music Hall panic, even more serious than that at Manchester, occurred in the Colosseum Music Hall in Liverpool in October 1878. In this instance a fight gave rise to some confusion, during which some nervous person cried 'Fire.' The scene which ensued was terrible. The people rushed headlong down-stairs; the usual barrier presented itself; a mass of struggling humanity was soon piled up, and the lives of thirty-seven persons were sacrificed to meaningless terror.

The destruction of the Opera House at Nice, in March 1881, when sixty-two lives were lost; the terrible disaster at the Ring Theatre, Vienna, which occurred in December of the same year, causing the loss of nearly a thousand lives; the

equally fearful conflagration in the Circus at Berditchev in January 1883; the Sunderland calamity in the same year, which sent nearly two hundred poor children to their last account; and the Star Theatre disaster at Glasgow, in November 1884, are all too well within our recollection to require comment here. To recapitulate their horrors would be not only unnecessary but absolutely painful. While most of us can profitably contemplate calamities of bygone years, there are few who can complacently recall fatalities within their own remembrance without feeling that they may possibly be the innocent cause of revivifying, in many a home, memories which are all too recent to be subjected to the thoughtless observation of the stranger.

Without referring, therefore, to more recent events, let me turn to a few of the causes which have brought about some of the theatre catastrophes chronicled in the century's history. The gasometer explosion at Covent Garden mentioned above is happily but a rare agent in stage calamities; not so the use of firearms on the stage; from this cause alone many a theatre has been destroyed and many a life lost. When the Garrick Theatre was burned down in November 1846, there had been a performance of *The Battle of Waterloo*, and, in all probability, a piece of burning wadding from a cannon had lodged in the 'flies'; while a similar fatality once occurred at Astley's after a performance of the same piece. To the use of mimic fire on the stage must also be ascribed the destruction of the Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel in 1856. A drama entitled *The Red Crow* had been performed, one of the principal scenes in which was the burning of the *Robin Hood* tavern. When a slight fire occurred at the Munich Opera House in August 1879, it was found that a flash of artificial lightning had set fire to some gauze clouds, though in this case a steel fireproof drop-scene was immediately lowered, thus cutting off the stage; and the audience dispersed without accident. In November 1883, when the Theatre Royal, Darlington, was burned to the ground, it turned out that a display of fireworks had been given the previous evening. One would think that warnings such as these would prevent theatrical managers risking both lives and property in unnecessary pyrotechnic displays, yet there are theatres even now the patrons of which insist on 'a grand display of fireworks' as each fifth of November comes round. The present writer has sat in a theatre and witnessed such a display, while between three thousand and four thousand people cheered lustily, and firemen stood with hose at the wings to put out the sparks as they fell! Surely the time has arrived when dangerous exhibitions of this description should be firmly suppressed.

To recapitulate the numerous instances in which the 'flies' have been the starting-point of theatre fires would be but to bring to light many well-known disasters. The burning of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in 1865, mentioned above, originated in the 'flies.' The gas-man had been lighting the 'battens,' when the drapery caught fire, and he barely escaped with his life. To probably the same locality may be ascribed the origin of the burning of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1867. Either in the 'flies' or in the property-room above them began the fire which destroyed

the Leeds Theatre in 1875; and the terrible disaster at Vienna was supposed to have been caused by a lamplighter inadvertently setting fire to a large veil required in one of the scenes.

Another prolific cause of fire—but one which, for obvious reasons, it is impossible to deal with in detail—has been the carelessness of the workmen employed about a theatre. Thus, in June 1861, some plumbers were at work on the roof of the Surrey Music Hall. On going to dinner, they left their fire behind them in a place which they supposed to be safe. On their return, a small portion of the roof was found to be on fire; and as there happened to be no appliances at hand to procure water, the fire obtained the mastery, and in three hours there were but four bare walls remaining. A somewhat similar cause brought about the entire destruction of the Alexandra Palace in 1873. Workmen had been repairing the lead-work in the roof of the great dome. A piece of charcoal dropping from a brazier set fire to some timber and papier-mâché, and in less than two hours the building was destroyed. Again, when the Czech National Theatre at Prague was destroyed in 1881, it was found that a smith had been fixing a lightning-conductor in the roof, and that the conflagration had originated there.

Having enumerated a few of the causes and effects of some of the more notable theatrical fatalities, let me conclude with a brief reference to the preventives proposed. Perhaps the most generally discussed—and it might be fairly assumed the most generally accepted—safeguard is the iron curtain. Taken for granted that the fire in most cases originates on the stage, the very natural idea suggests itself that the first thing to be done is to sever the connection between stage and auditorium. Unfortunately, the iron curtain is not always an infallible safeguard, for although it probably prevented a panic at Munich in 1879, yet the Berlin National Theatre was totally destroyed in 1883, despite the iron curtain and use of incombustible scenery. Iron curtains, too, have an unfortunate knack of getting out of order just when they are most wanted, so that until they become more easily accessible in cases of sudden necessity, their utility is questionable. That they could be made more easily accessible, goes without saying. Were they—to quote the happy idea of the practical editor of *The Stage*—'painted and used as act-drops,' there is no good reason why they might not be utilised in any emergency. The more general use of electric light instead of gas might be another means of lessening the number of fatalities in theatres; while the prohibition of open fireplaces, limelight tanks, and carpenter's and property-maker's shops within the main walls of the building, would undoubtedly tend to make theatres much safer than they are at present. Then, again, the removal from the stage of all scenery not in actual use, and especially—when not needed—such scenery as 'borders' hanging from the 'flies,' ought to be insisted on; while the hydrants, buckets, &c. at the 'wings' and 'flies' should be inspected regularly by some competent person. It is this want of inspection which often renders the most perfect appliances useless in time of need. On an Atlantic passenger steamer, the carpenter is

obliged to visit and test twice each day every bulkhead in the ship, while the seamen are regularly drilled in every probable circumstance of a fire or wreck at sea. Why not apply the same discipline to theatre employees?

In spite of the most elaborate precautions, however, fires will occasionally occur, and as the safety of the audience is after all the first thing to be considered, the real remedy consists in the construction of proper and unimpeded exits, instead of the tortuous corkscrew passages which are too often *en évidence* in the older places of amusement. I lay a stress on unimpeded exits, for, though wide and roomy passages may be built *ad infinitum*, they will be of little service if impeded by a barrier, which, however useful for the orderly admission of the audience, is decidedly disadvantageous to their chances of getting out alive should a panic of any kind occur. Will it be believed that in a well-appointed theatre I happened to visit a week or two after the Exeter disaster—a theatre, too, which possessed admirable exits, and in which the spaces between the rows of seats in all parts of the house were everything that could be desired—that even here a barrier, firmly fastened by an iron bar, extended more than halfway across one of the passages, and was not unhinged until the performance had almost concluded! Doubtless, the barrier was necessary to enable the check-taker to pass the people into the theatre; but surely common-sense should have suggested its removal immediately the performance had commenced.

After all, the greatest and most effective preventive of loss of life in theatres rests with the audience itself, namely, presence of mind. Were the people to 'keep their heads,' to use a homely phrase, fatalities would seldom occur. This was happily instanced in the Casino in New York in September last during the five hundredth performance of *Erminie*. Naturally, such an event brought together a crowded audience. Suddenly large volumes of smoke drifted into the auditorium; but the audience took matters quietly, and it was soon found that practically no danger existed, as the smoke came from a burning store adjacent to the theatre. In nine cases out of ten, a little presence of mind on the part of the audience would reduce risk to a minimum; and could people only be induced, in case of fire or other danger, to leave the theatre as orderly as they generally do when the orchestra plays the national anthem, the death-list of the theatre would become almost a thing of the past.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLIX.—A DROPPED 'S.'

RICHARD CABLE wheeling a barrow that he had borrowed from the stables, laden with Josephine's box, went out of the grounds of Bewdley Manor, and Josephine walked at his side.

'Richard,' she said, 'how comes it that you are lame?'

'You have lamed me.'

'Richard,' she said, 'how oldened you are.'

'You have oldened me.'

'And bent.'

'You have bowed my back.'

'Do not speak unkindly to me,' she pleaded. 'I know I have done wrong, and am sorry for it.'

'When you break china, can you mend it that the cracks do not show and that it will hold as before?'

She did not answer this question.

'And man's heart, when it is broken, can it be patched up? If you pour love into it again, does not the love run out at all sides and leave the vessel dry?'

'You do not forgive me, Richard?'

'I do not—I cannot.'

'Then why have you come for me now?'

'Because you bear my name, and, to my woe, are my wife, and—I would not have you there, where a stain may come on the name, and where my wife may be—nay, is, lightly spoken of. Mind you,' continued Cable, bending between the handles of the barrow, 'I do not mistrust your conduct. Though he is there under the same roof with you who loved you, and perhaps loves you still, I have no doubt about your conduct. God spare me that! I know you to be proud and cruel, but I know also that you are not light. You have brought me down, but not to such baseness as to think that.'

'I thank you for that, Richard, at all events for that.—Where am I going now? What will you do with me?'

'You are going now to the inn, to Mrs Stokes. Where you go next, what I do with you after this night, I cannot tell; you shall know to-morrow. My head is like the old lightship in a chopping sea.'

As soon as they reached the tavern, Richard brought Josephine in, and said to the landlady: 'This is my wife; take her in for the night; give her my room. I am going out, and shall not be back before morning. If she needs anything, let her have it, and stint her not.' He said no farewell to Josephine, but went out at the door, wiping his brow on his sleeve.

He walked by the river. He had not got his stick, and he cut himself one from the hedge; and as the night was dark and he had to grope among them for a suitable stick, he tore his hands, and they were covered with blood, and when he wiped his brow the smears came on his face. He obtained a good stout stick at last on which he could lean, and he stood resting on it by the river, looking over the slowly flowing water to the dark horizon, and the red glare in the sky beyond over Bath.

The season was autumn, the time when, at the rising of the sun, the whole face of a field and every hedge are seen to be covered with cobwebs strung with dew. And now, in the night, the air was full of these cobwebs; one might have thought they were spun in heaven, and came down charged with water. They drifted in the light air, and the dew that rose settled on the minute fibres and weighed them down, that they came leisurely down—down through the raw night-air. They settled over Richard's head—they fell on his face—they came on his hands, and he was forced to brush them away, because they teased him. There were other cobwebs, in his brain, confusing, teasing that, charged also with drops, bitter and salt; but these he could not sweep away—he thrust them aside, and they spread

again; he squeezed them together and wrung out the brine and gall, and they unfurled and fell again over his brain. They obscured his sight of the future; they troubled his thought of the present; and they all rose, thick, teasing, even torturing, out of the past; and all the myriad threads went back to one root—Josephine. But as in a web there are fibres and cross-fibres, so was it with this inner cobweb—there were some revengeful and others pitiful; some hard and others soft; some of hate and some of love; yet by night, as he stood by the water, striking now with his hand, then with his stick, at the falling cobwebs, he could not distinguish one thread from another; one feeling was so interlaced and intertangled with another, that they were not to be unravelled.

There still lurked in his mind that fear of Josephine which he had first entertained when he saw her on the stranded lightship and heard her sing the mermaid's song; that fear which his mother had detected in him when he lay crippled at the *Magpie*, and which she at once brought back to its true source—love. Richard Cable did not know that there remained any trace of his old love there; he thought that all his feeling for Josephine was anger and resentment; but he was not a man given to self-analysis. He was aware of the ever-presence of pain in his soul, and he knew who had hurt him, but hardly the nature of that pain. We carry about with us for many years, may be, a something in us that never allows us to forget that all is not well—a spasm of the heart, a gnawing pain in the chest, a shooting-needle in the brain, a racking cough, and we do not consult a physician: we may soon outgrow it; it came on after an overstrain, a chill, and a long rest will recover us of it. What it is, we do not know; we generally attribute it to a wrong cause, and regard it as that which it is not. It is so also with our mental aches—we have them; we go on enduring them, and often wholly misinterpret them. Richard supposed that he had acted out of regard for his own name, that the fever and alarm he had felt were occasioned by no other dread; but when he sprang up from Mrs Stokes' table and hurried to the manor-house to fetch away Josephine, he had not thought about the preservation of the name of Cable from a slur, only of her—of her in bad moral surroundings; of her exposed to slights, and perhaps temptations. On this night, the sight of her in her quiet servant's dress, with her face pale, the eyes deep, the lines of her countenance sharp drawn, had strangely affected him. He thought that it had roused in him his full fierceness of resentment for wrong done; but he was mistaken—the deepest bell in the rugged belfry of his heart had never ceased thrilling from the first stroke dealt it; and now it was touched again by the sight of her face and the sound of her voice, and the whole mass quivered with its renewed vibrations. Though the dew fell heavily, Richard Cable did not feel the moisture; and though there was frost, he was not cold. The night was long, but he was unaware of its length.

He did not return to the inn till morning, and then he had formed a plan, and he had gained the mastery over himself. Early though

the hour was when he arrived, he found Josephine already down. Contrary to his former frank ways, he did not look her full in the face; he felt his weakness, and would not venture to do so. He spoke to her only when necessary, and with restraint in his tone. The voice was hard and his face drawn and cold.

'I truck my young calves to Exeter,' he said. 'We will go thither by train. After that, you will have to come the rest of the way in my conveyance, unless you prefer the coach.'

'No,' answered Josephine; 'I will go with you.' He drew a weary breath; he would have preferred to send her by the coach. The oppressiveness of a journey with her was not to be contemplated with composure.

'Then,' said he, 'we will start at once; that is, when I have got my calves in truck. The train is at ten-fifteen. You will be at the station. I will speak to a man to fetch your box, and I will pay him. Have it ready labelled for the *Clarendon Hotel* at Exeter.'

'The *Clarendon*! Is that where you stay when there?'

'The *Clarendon* is where you shall be. You will be well cared for there; it is a good hotel, the best in Exeter; it looks out on the close, and is very respectable.'

'Shall you be there, Richard?'

'No; I go elsewhere. Calves are not taken in at first-class hotels.'

'But I had rather, a thousand times rather, be with you.'

'I have my calves to suckle. I must go where I am accustomed to go, and where I can get milk for them.'

'But why should I not go there too? I will help you with your calves.'

He laughed harshly. 'You are a lady.'

'I am a servant-girl out of place,' she said with a faint smile.

'They drink and swear and fight where I go,' he growled.

'No, Richard—you go to no place that is bad. Where you go, I will go also.'

He did not look in her face; he could hardly have resisted the appeal, had he done so, her face was so full of earnestness, so pale and anxious, so humble, and the eyes so full of tears. Perhaps he knew that he could not resist, were he to meet her eyes, so he kept his own averted. But the tones of her voice thrilled him, and made his head spin. He bit the end of his whip, with his brows knitted. He knew her great eyes, those lovely eyes that went through him when he met them, were fixed on him; but he would not turn towards them; his face became more frozen and drawn.

'You,' he said—by her Christian name he would not call her—'you—understand me. I am not Richard to you. You must speak of me and address me as Mr Cable.'

'But—I am your wife.'

'No,' he said; 'that is all past and for ever done with. For a little while, and then the tie was torn away by yourself. You are coming with me into Cornwall, to St Kerian. There you will live as you like. If you want money, you shall have it; but you shall not live there as my wife, but as Miss Cornellis, or by any other name you like to assume. My mother will see you want

nothing; you shall not live in my house; you will be a stranger there; but my mother—and I, yes, and I, will know how you are, what you do, and that you do not again fall into evil company, and run the risk of'—

'Of what? I ran no risk.'

'No,' he said; 'you ran no risk. No. You are proud, proud as Satan; and yet Satan, for all his pride, fell.'

The tears which had formed in her eyes rolled over her cheeks. The disappointment was very great. She had hoped that he was going to take her back to himself. 'You need have no fear for me,' she said in a voice half choked with her tears; 'I have that in me which will always hold me true and upright. Not pride; O no, not pride—that is broken long ago, ever since I found I had driven you away.'

'What is it?' Still he did not look at her, but he turned his ear attentively towards her. She might have seen, had not her eyes been so dim with salt, that a nerve down the side of his face from the temple was twitching.

'It is, that I love you,' she answered in a low, faint voice, but little above a whisper.

Then he stamped on the sanded floor of the village inn parlour and clenched his hands, and stood up and shook himself, like a great hairy dog when it leaves the water. 'Ha, ha!' he laughed; 'as of old, to patronise and play with, and then break to pieces, as a child loves its doll. I will have none of your love. I have tasted it, and it is sour.'

'Richard!'

He struck the table. 'I am not Richard—to you. That is part of your grand condescending ways. You shall call me Mr Cable. Who knows!—in time you may come to look up to me, when I am rich and esteemed. Mr Cable of Red Windows, Esquire.' Then he went forth tossing his shoulders, and he put on his hat in a hot and impatient way.

A struggle ensued in Josephine's bosom. It was hard for her to go down into a strange country and there live, in the same village with her husband, without being acknowledged by him, divided by all England from her own friends. He was asking too much of her, putting her through too sharp an ordeal; and yet, after a little boil up of her old pride and wilfulness, she bent to his decision. It was not for her to rebel. She had wrought the disunion that subsisted between them; she had made the great change in him; and she must submit, and suffer and wait, till he took her back. She must accept his terms, not impose terms of her own.

She was at the station at the time appointed, and Richard handed her a second-class ticket to Exeter. He travelled in the van with his calves, and she saw nothing of him till their arrival. Then he came to the carriage door, called a cab, shouldered her box himself, and limped with it to the carriage. 'To the Clarendon,' he said, shut the door, and climbed on the box.

On reaching the inn, an old-fashioned hotel, looking out on the close with its great trees and gray cathedral, he descended, let her out of the cab, and preceding her, ordered the waiter to let her have a room. 'The lady—she is, mind you, a real lady—she must have a good room, and a capital supper, and a fire, and be made

comfortable.—Don't you stare at me as if I had aught of concern with her. I'm a common man, a cattle-jobber; but I'm charged to see after her, and that she be well attended to, as a real well-born lady full of education and high-class manners. As for me, I put up elsewhere—at the *Goat and Compasses*, down by the iron bridge. I'll come in the morning and fetch her away. It is my duty, set me by them as are responsible for her, to see that she be cared for and made comfortable.' Then he went away.

Josephine was given a well-furnished bedroom, with a large window, looking out on the elms and grass and old towers. Her box was in the room; and she opened it, and drew from it some little things she needed. Then she bathed her face, and seated herself by the window, looking out into the quiet close. The bells of the cathedral were ringing for afternoon service, deep-toned musical bells. The autumn had touched the leaves and turned them. The swallows were clustering on the gray lead roof of the minster, arranging for migration. There was coolness in the air; but it was not too chilly for Josephine to sit at the open window, looking at the trees and listening to the bells. She felt very lonely, more lonely than at Bewdley. There she had the association with old Miss Otterbourne to take off the edge of her sense of solitude; but now she had no one. She was with her husband, yet far removed from him. She was associated with him without association. It was better to be separated altogether, than to be in his presence daily without reciprocation. She drew her wedding ring from her bosom and looked at it. The night before, she had put it on, and had hesitated whether to wear it again; but had rehung it round her neck, determined to wait another day and see what her husband's wishes and intentions and behaviour to her were, before she did so. And now, as she looked sorrowfully at the golden hoop, she knew that it must continue to hang as before; he had forbidden her to acknowledge her tie to him and to wear his name.

How strange is the perversity of the human heart! She had married Richard without loving him; and now that she had lost him, she loved him. Her love had started up out of her anguish over her wrong done him. He had loved her when she had only highly esteemed him; and now she loved him when he despised her.

She knelt by her box and looked over her little treasures. They were few. Her bullfinch she had not brought away; she had given it to the housemaid who had cleaned her room. She turned over her few clothes in the box and unfolded Richard's blue handkerchief. In a cardboard box was the bunch of everlastings. They were now very dry, but they retained their shape and colour. 'Everlastings!' she said, and recalled the night in the deserted cottage when she asked the rector whether he was looking up at the everlastings. 'To the Everlasting,' he had answered, and she had not understood him; but she remembered the scene and the words he had used.

The cathedral bells had ceased, and across the close came the sounds of music—the roll of the organ and the voices of the choir. Josephine closed her box and locked it, and went back to the window and listened to the soothing strains. Then, drawn as by an irresistible attrac-

tion, she went down stairs and crossed the close and entered the side door of the cathedral. She did not go far; she made no attempt to enter the choir, but seated herself in the aisle on the stone seat that ran along the wall. The evening light shone through the great west window, and filled the upper portion of the nave with a soft yellow glow. Below were the gray pillars and cool gray shadow. There were few loungers in the nave, and she was quite unnoticed. Her love of music made her always susceptible to its influence. The effect of the sacred music in the great Gothic minster on Josephine, in her then state of depression, was great: it soothed her mind; it was like breath on a wound, lulling the pain and cooling the fever.

For long there had been in Josephine a craving for help, for something, or rather some one whom she could lay hold of and lean on. It was this want in her which had driven her to take Richard Cable, in defiance of her father's wishes and of the opinion of the world. Richard had failed her; and she had cast herself into a sphere in which she was as solitary and lacking assistance as much as in that she had occupied before. And now, once again, she was torn out of that sphere, and was about to be cast—she knew not where, among—she knew not what companions—and again she was without support.

She sat with her head bowed and her hands clasping her bosom, listening to the music. Her soul was bruised and aching, like the body that has been jolted and beaten. But the hurt body is cast on a bed and sleeps away its pains. Where is the bed of repose on which the weary suffering spirit can stretch itself and be recruited? Josephine was not thinking at all; she was feeling—conscious of want and weariness, of a void and pain. The aisle in which she was, was on the north side of the church; and quite in shadow, only in the beautiful vault of the nave, with its reed-like spreading ribs, hung a halo of golden haze; and in that golden haze the sweet music seemed to thrill and throb.

The pain in Josephine's heart became more acute, and she bent on one side and rested her elbow on the stone seat and put her hand to her heart, and breathed laboriously. The attitude gave her some ease; and as she half reclined thus, the waves of golden light and angelic music swept over her, softly, gently, as the warm sea-waves used to glide in over the low Essex coast. Presently, Josephine slid down on her knees and laid her head on the cold stone seat. Then only did the meaning of the rector come clear to her, when he dropped an *s* as she spoke of the everlastings, and he answered her, that he looked to the Everlasting.

(To be continued.)

SOME LITERARY RELICS.

CHARLES LAMB, in one of the most delightful of his essays, 'The Two Races of Men,' warns his reader to be shy of showing his books; but he says: 'If thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience.' One of these doubly valuable

books, the folio *Beaumont and Fletcher*, published in 1616, is now in the British Museum. It contains many marginal notes both by Lamb and by Coleridge. Notable amongst those by the latter is the following: 'N.B.—I shall not be long here, Charles! I gone, you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a relic.—S. T. C., Oct. 1811.' Every book-lover must envy the Museum the possession of this relic. It is the identical volume whose acquisition 'for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings, was it?' Lamb describes with such pleasurable zest in the essay on 'Old China.' After his death, it passed into the possession of Lieutenant-colonel Francis Cunningham, at the sale of whose library it was purchased for the national collection.

An even more desirable possession than one of Lamb's books would be the original draft of one of his essays. One such manuscript, that of the famous 'Dissertation on Roast Pig,' was sold at Sir William Tite's sale in June 1874 for thirty-four pounds. Another interesting relic of Lamb, now in private hands, is the copy of the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Regained*, which, in 1820, the essayist gave to Wordsworth, with the following quaintly phrased inscription on the page opposite the title: 'C. Lamb to the best knower of Milton, and therefore the worthiest occupant of this pleasant edition—June 2, 1820.' Volumes so enriched must always be objects of interest to the lover of letters. A few more examples may be mentioned. The library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is fortunate in the possession of Dryden's own copy of Spenser's works, with manuscript notes by the former poet. Two small volumes of Milton, the Edinburgh edition of 1755, formerly belonging to Robert Burns, and bearing his autograph on their title-pages, are now in the library of St Paul's School. There is a note inside the cover of the first volume, apparently in Burns's own hand, to the effect that the books were a present from Lord Monboddo. They were given by the poet's widow to R. H. Cromek; and from Cromek's granddaughter they were purchased in 1879 for the library of the school in which Milton was educated. Keats's copy of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, with the many underlinings which the poet was so fond of making in his favourite books, and his Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, full of manuscript notes, are both in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke. Pope's annotated copy of Garth's *Dispensary*, Swift's own copy of the *Dunciad*, and Johnson's own corrected copy of his *Lives of the Poets*, were all bequeathed by John Forster to the South Kensington Museum.

Among other interesting literary relics in the Forsterian collection now to be seen at South Kensington are Goldsmith's chair and the original assignment of *Joseph Andrews* in Fielding's own handwriting. This valuable paper was sold at Mr Jolley's auction in July 1851 for ten shillings only, and was afterwards purchased by Mr Forster at the Daniel sale for nine guineas. The original assignment of *Tom Jones* was sold at the Jolley sale for twenty-two shillings; but its present whereabouts is unknown. A substantial relic of the great novelist was lately presented to the Somerset Archaeological Society by Mr Merthyr Guest. It is a large and solid oaken table, made for and used by Fielding when he lived at East

Stour Manor-house. It bears on a brass plate the following rather unkind inscription: 'This table belonged to Henry Fielding, Esq., novelist. He hunted from East Stour, 1718, and in three years dissipated his fortune keeping hounds.' A curious relic of one of Fielding's contemporaries, John Gay, was discovered in 1882 at Barnstable. At that time the parish church was undergoing the process of restoration, and amongst the pieces of timber removed from the interior was a part of a pew with the name 'John Gay' and the date '1695' cut into it. As the future author of the *Beggars' Opera* was then ten years of age, and as no other John Gay appears in the parish register, there can be but little doubt that the fragment was the poet's own handiwork.

Longfellow was in possession of many valuable mementos of poets of the past. He wrote from Coleridge's own inkstand, which was given to him by Mrs S. C. Hall, and also owned the inkstand of George Crabbe. The latter was presented to the poet Moore by the sons of Crabbe, and was bequeathed by Moore's widow to Mrs S. C. Hall, by whom it was sent to the American poet. The Irish harp which belonged to Moore is now in the possession of Mr George W. Childs of Philadelphia. A curious old bronze inkstand, loaded with figures, which once belonged to Ariosto, is described in one of Shelley's letters to T. L. Peacock. 'Three nymphs lean forth from the circumference,' says Shelley; 'and on the top of the lid stands a Cupid, winged and looking up, with a torch in one hand, his bow in the other, and his quiver beside him.' Truly, a fit receptacle for the ink to feed the poet's inspired pen. In Hone's *Table Book* there is an account, with a woodcut, of the standish once used by Petrarch. A large old-fashioned ebony inkstand which Gray used whilst composing his famous *Elegy* is now in the possession of a Lincolnshire gentleman. There are several manuscripts of the *Elegy* in existence, in Gray's own very neat handwriting, so that no one copy can claim to be the original; similarly of another famous poem, Burns's *Scots wha hae*, the Address at Bannockburn, there are several 'original' manuscripts known. One copy in Burns's writing, framed and glazed, and enclosed in a mahogany case, sold at Sotheby's in August 1867 for twelve pounds. The Burns Museum at Kilmarnock contains many articles of interest relating to the poet, amongst them being his chair, and a perfect collection of the various editions of his works, made by Mr McKie, a bookseller of the town. A very characteristic relic of the author of *Tam o' Shanter*, his punchbowl, was sold by auction at Dumfries early in 1877, and realised ten guineas.

We doubt whether Dr Johnson would have set much value upon Gray's inkstand; he thought but little of its owner. Boswell tells us how one day at Thrale's the doctor attacked Gray. It had been denied that Gray was dull in poetry. 'Sir,' replied Johnson, 'he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made people think him great. He was a mechanical poet.' The dictatorial doctor is the presiding divinity of the Museum at Lichfield. There are to be seen his snuff-box, cup, cribbage-board, and—mute witness of conjugal affection—the saucer on which his breakfast roll was placed every morning, and which he called 'Tetty,' in memory of his wife.

In November last, at the sale of the effects of the late Joseph Maas, there was sold a tall eight-day clock in a wooden case inlaid, which was said to have been made for and during many years owned by Izaak Walton. This venerable 'ticker,' as Rawdon Crawley would have called it, was bought by Mr Sabin, of Garrick Street, for £70, 17s. 6d. The clock, apart from its association with Walton, is valuable on account of its age and capital condition. Walton was born in 1593, and lived until 1683.

There are some relics, now apparently completely lost, that one would like to have news of, as, for example, that fan which Pope painted himself for Miss Martha Blount. It came into the possession of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was stolen from his study, and has never been heard of since. There are others as to the genuineness of which we would like to have further proof. More than twenty years ago it was stated in the newspapers that a flute which had formerly belonged to Bunyan, and which had helped to while away the tedium of his imprisonment, was at that time in the hands of a tailor at Gainsborough; and in 1875, Bunyan's clock was said to be in the possession of a descendant of his, then resident in Australia. Both these relics would probably stand in need of authentication. A Bible printed at Cambridge in 1637, and having the signature 'John Bunyan' on the title-page of the New Testament, is now in the Summer collection in the Harvard College Library, and would appear to be a genuine relic of the immortal dreamer.

The various objects that we have mentioned, with many others for which we have not space, would be valued by all book-lovers, although they can be owned but by few. To all, however, is possible the acquisition of the best and the most valuable of relics of the great writers and thinkers of the past—their immortal works.

THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

I WAS left alone to read the letters. Long I regarded the handwriting on the two envelopes before I had enough courage to open them. No prisoner ever shrank from his sentence more than I did from the loving forgiveness which I knew both these letters to contain, and which I deserved so little. They were of course from my mother and sister. As they differed only in expression, I can give the substance of both in that of my mother. Never was news from home more surprising or unlooked-for. The first thing that struck me was the address; instead of being written from the old apartments in Brompton, here was thick paper, bearing on the left-hand top corner the old crest of our family, and on the right the impressingly enamelled words: 'Monk's Dene, Chislehurst.'

What had happened since their last communication to me a month ago? This: my mother's brother had died in South America, and left her a fortune worth, when invested in good securities, eight hundred pounds a year! This had happened two months ago; but she and my sister had kept it secret from me until everything was settled and they could give me a surprise.

I could not keep back my tears. I was weak, and they flowed freely; had I been strong, they

would have come just as gratefully. Dear, dear mother! To know that she and Agnes had now sufficient to give them those comforts and attentions which they had lacked so long, and pined away inch by inch through the lacking of—to know this was to open the floodgates of my heart's gratefulness without a thought of my undeserving self. But they had thought for me, and more than enough.

'And now, good-bye, dear, dear Charlie,' my mother concluded, 'until I press you once again to my bosom at Gravesend!'—'Good-bye, darling brother,' Agnes wound up, 'until we meet you, and pay our thanks to this dear Lady O'Reilly, who has so kindly told us all about you. We are only distressed by the thought that we shall not have *somebody else* to welcome too—poor dear Charlie!'

This brought me back to where I was. How had Lady O'Reilly been in communication with them? She had told them my story—*how* she would tell it, I knew too well—but when or where? My mind was very confused, and I was under a half-delusion that Lady O'Reilly had just been to England—by some unknown route—and come back to meet me on the sea. This was only for a minute or so. I put the dear letters to my lips, then placed them under my pillow, to be read again and again, and waited. Lady O'Reilly would soon be back to my cabin, and then she would tell me all about it.

In half an hour she came, and it seemed so long to me. 'The doctor,' she said, 'believes that if the weather keeps fine—as the captain assures me it will, and must—you may come on deck for a while going up the Channel. It is supposed that English air will quicken your convalescence.'

'These letters,' I answered, 'have quickened it; your kindness has quickened it.—So you have written to my mother, Lady O'Reilly?'

'Of course I have, you foolish boy,' she replied, laughing. 'I knew the lugubrious account which you would give of your troubles; and out of kindness to your mother, I sent her a fairer explanation before I left India. I told her you were not half so black as no doubt you painted yourself.'

'How did they know,' I asked, as it flashed upon me, 'that you would be on the same ship with me? I never dreamt of it myself.'

'They knew because I told them. I promised your mother to wait for you, and take care you didn't jump overboard in a melancholy fit—or anything. You see, you wanted somebody to look after you, didn't you?'

I could say nothing; I was too full of gratitude. I knew, from the reference made by Agnes in the end of her letter to 'somebody,' that Lady O'Reilly had told them the real state of the case with me there; but I held back from speaking to her about this. I resolved to wait and suffer her, if she chose, to open the subject herself. She did not do so: I understood why. What more, alas! could be said concerning the poor girl's fate? One thing I was sure of—Lady O'Reilly had never hinted to my mother and sister the remotest possibility of the guilt of her I had loved—whose memory I would always revere, and whose white innocence I would always canonise in my heart.

I enjoyed a long, delicious, and invigorating sleep that night. I awoke late in the morning, as the ship's bell gave one stroke overhead—half-

past eight—and the pleasant home sunlight came through the open port. I was at once conscious of a new sensation—that of hunger, and I called immediately to the ayah. But I received no answer. Drawing back the curtain, I saw that she was not there. Yet I was somehow conscious she had been there at one time during the night.

By-and-by the doctor came, and he ordered my appetite to be suitably ministered to. The food, and the air, and the composure of mind which yesterday had brought me, all combined to accelerate my recovery, and that afternoon I was able to sit for two hours on deck with my kind and lovely friend. Next day, I was almost able to get up the companion-ladder without assistance, and I stayed above all afternoon. The day following we were steaming up the Channel with a delightful south-westerly breeze; and only those who have spent years in the tropics can appreciate the rapture of drinking in such air and feasting one's eyes on the green fields of Old England once again. The steamer stopped at Plymouth to land such passengers as wished to get off at that port. To my great surprise—for she had not given me a hint of her intention—Lady O'Reilly was one of these. I offered no comment—what right had I?—and she sought me where I sat, away aft, to say adieu.

'I shall come down to see you at Chislehurst directly,' she said. 'I want to get off here for a special reason; I had intended going on with you.'

I did not feel warranted in inquiring Lady O'Reilly's reason for landing at Plymouth, and from her manner of waiting after she had told me this, I fancy she expected me to say something about it.

'And now, adieu. Be careful of yourself, for—for your mother's sake, until you reach Gravesend. Perhaps,' she added with a smile after a moment's thought, 'you will find a note from me awaiting you there.' Then she went away, leaving me thinking over her last words. A note from her—about what? An excitement which I could not analyse was gathering in my breast. But she was gone, and I could not ask her meaning. Gone, too, I presently thought with a sensation of shame and self-reproach, without carrying from me one word of thanks to that gentle Hindu girl who had been so kind and attentive a nurse to me. Surely the ayah must think her patient ungrateful and unfeeling, little as natives look for thanks at the hands of the superior race for any services rendered. But I resolved that she should have such bangles as would convince her I was neither forgetful nor ungrateful. This may seem a small matter to the reader; it was no small matter to me, or I should not dwell upon it.

The old Thames at last, with its low shores and its mighty freights; but picturesque and lovely to the eyes of the returning exile! It looks like the wide welcoming opening of the heart of Home after one's long absence; and the crowd of us on the steamer's quarter-deck were mostly silent, or spoke low, because of the fullness of feeling within. Dear Old England! even if they are but coming back to lay their wasted frames in one of your quiet churchyards, your breath brings a tinge to the pale cheeks and a light to the hollow eyes of the returning wanderers.

My mother and sister were there, awaiting me. I saw them only for a moment, their dear faces eagerly watching for me on the deck of the slow-moving steamer—only for a moment, for my eyes filled with tears, which blinded me. I must pass over all this.

It was not until we were in the railway carriage, speeding along through the delicious air of Kent, that I opened the note which had been unfailingly awaiting me. Hard pressed as I was on each side by the loving caresses of mother and Agnes, I had for the moment to forget their presence in the mystification of Lady O'Reilly's brief message. It was written from Plymouth, immediately after landing, and this was what it contained:

'I and ayah are just starting for London. Had you forgotten her when parting from me, that you had no word for her? I hope at least you will not forget the bangles, for the poor thing will certainly expect them—and has earned them more than you know of. I shall come to Chislehurst to see you in a week from to-day, as I am of opinion that you will by that time be strong enough to endure a shock without its killing you. I am sorry to be the agent of a business of this dangerous kind, but I cannot shirk it.—Give my love, please, to your mother and sister.'

It was of no avail to speculate on the hidden significance of this strange letter. I gave it up at last, though the words were constantly present to me. Only two points stood out clearly—the ayah must not be forgotten, and the news Lady O'Reilly was bringing to me was good news. What else could it be? Only my ignorance of it kept me in a nervous state of expectancy.

When I told them at home of my illness on the voyage, Agnes went to London herself and brought back the bangles. I would give them to Lady O'Reilly when she came, and then the ayah would no longer think of me as unmindful of her services. Even the near prospect of discharging some portion of a debt of this nature is comforting.

There was an arbour in the garden of my mother's house which, as soon as I discovered it, became my favourite nook. The weather was delightful, and the sweet air of the sweetest spot in England was a draught of delicious intoxication. Here I lounged most of the day, reading, smoking, doing nothing, by turns, until the gloomy events out in India began to seem to my memory like a dream. The scenes around were so different from those with which my great grief was associated, that I could not avoid softening under their benign influence.

Lady O'Reilly came a day earlier than I expected, and quietly surprised me in my retreat. She was alone; and the radiance of her lovely face I had never before thought so bright.

'You do not look like the agent of a dangerous business!' I exclaimed, referring to the language of her letter as I sprang to my feet and took her hand. 'Ah, Lady O'Reilly, you are welcome—welcome, welcome, for your own sake.—But please sit down and tell me what it is!'

'I have had news from Jullabad,' she answered, smiling—'a letter from my husband. It came overland, and I received it on board at Ply-

mouth, which was partly why I disembarked there.'

'News—news from Jullabad! How my heart beat! I could not have uttered a word to save my life.'

'The mystery has been cleared up. The innocence in which your faith, and mine, were never for a moment shaken, has been established. Is not this news?'

'Thank God for it!' I answered. 'Alas, alas! she was done to death all the same!'

'Let me tell you how it was. The cook, Sinya, was the man who fired the bungalow. It was discovered by another native with whom he quarrelled in the bazaar, and the man himself has confessed everything. He wanted revenge. But to save his mistress, and at the same time turn suspicion on her husband and from himself, he adopted that strategy which has been the source of so much mystery. He dressed himself in Colonel Humby's clothes, and roused Mrs Humby to her danger by pretending to strangle her. She saw only his back, and believed him to be her husband.'

Amazement filled me as I silently turned this intelligence over in my mind. All was clear now—her truthfulness, which had been her death, most of all!—and the whole plot was so worthy of oriental ingenuity. I fancied—and I believe I was right—that the cook would never have made confession of the manner of his deed but for remorse for the fate into which he had plunged his mistress in attempting to save her. Had she lived, the world would never have seen her innocence established.

'And no word at all—of course there is none!' I said with a groan—'of her? No fragment of her dress, no bit of ribbon—has nothing at all belonging to her been found?'

'Nothing' was the reply, spoken, I fancied, so oddly, that I started.

'The bangles,' Lady O'Reilly went on, without appearing to notice the start I gave—'they are very handsome ones, and I will give them to ayah. Your sister showed them to me.—Now, let us come in to tea; I have a friend with me whom I should like to introduce you to.'

'A friend—a lady?'

'A lady.'

We walked half the length of the garden in silence. At a spot where a clump of shrubs hid the house from us, Lady O'Reilly stopped and looked up in my face. 'I want a promise from you now,' she said gravely—'a promise upon your honour.'

'Surely,' I answered; 'I promise beforehand whatever you ask!'

She paused, still looking me in the face, as if she were taking careful measure of my strength. I began to tremble, with foreknowledge.

'Come back for a minute to the arbour. I was going to venture on a surprise, but it is better not.—Do you imagine *who* is in the house?'

'Lady O'Reilly,' I exclaimed, 'for God's sake, tell me! Has the dead returned to life, that you ask me that question?'

'The dead never return.—Listen for a minute, and I will tell you. I planned and executed Florence Humby's disappearance. You men think one woman cannot help another as *you* would do

it? We can do it better! I carried her to my bungalow, kept her there, and took her thence in the face of all Jullabad—my husband not even knowing it—and behold, sir, she is in England now, and in your very mother's house!

The ayah! I was rushing out of the arbour, when she caught my arm.

'Your promise—your promise!'

'Yes, yes. Tell me what it is!'

'Never—never to reveal to her that you know she nursed you!'

I laughed aloud. Was that all? I heard Lady O'Reilly laugh too, as I left her most uncereemoniously. I made straight for the drawing-room. There was no one there. 'Where is she—where is she?' I cried, half aloud, as I turned to the door to search elsewhere.

A figure seemed to rise out of the floor—or had I been blind when I came in?—a slight girlish figure, draped in black, with a white face, and neck draped in pink. I see her now, and will see her for ever, looking at me with bright and timid eyes, with her little hands clasped in front of her. Oblivious of ceremony, and flinging decorum to the winds, I caught her wildly to my breast. My captive gave a little startled cry, then a flutter or two—and was at rest.

Fickle Fortune having done her worst, seemed humoured to compensate us with generous hand. An old man from over the ocean found his lost lamb again, and gave us wealth which we can never use. He gave us his blessing, too, which was more to us. In that fair garden of England we have taken up our abode, and it is little to say that we are happy. Only, to this day we have never spoken of how Florence got to England. I pretend to take it that she came as others do, and make my pretension good by simply not referring to the matter at all. To this day, also—as I believe will be the case to the end—Florence firmly believes in her innocent heart that I do not know who nursed me on that voyage home from India.

One last word, which will furnish a sufficient key to what would otherwise be inexplicable. One August evening, two months after our marriage, we were sitting at an open window facing the Channel. I was reading aloud passages, here and there, from *Paradise Lost*, and had just read the opening lines of the grand description—

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold—

when a sob stopped me, and Florence, bursting into tears, hid her face on my shoulder. It was then that my poor darling told me what I had never questioned her about. Her father, in the excess of his anxiety for her happiness, had brought her up in jealous seclusion from the world, resolved that her wealth should not expose her to the designs of men; so that at eighteen she was still a child. Colonel Humby made her father's acquaintance, and was invited to the house as a man, from age, condition, and looks, with whom it was perfectly safe to trust a child. The trust was betrayed. It was easy even for Humby to fill the imagination of a secluded and innocent girl with glowing pictures

of oriental splendour and luxury and pleasure. He turned her head; and in an infatuated hour—thinking of the East, not of *him*—she forgot her father, and fled with the man. The simulated affection turned to mortal hate when he found himself spurned by her indignant father with the wrathful assurance that he had missed his mark—that he should never share one dollar of the fortune at which he had aimed. The assurance was so given that there was no doubt about it; and in the bitterness of his disappointment, he turned his wife's hopes into Dead Sea fruit.

'My poor, poor darling!' I said, kissing her when she had told me the outline of the story.

'No, no, no, Charlie,' she replied, looking up and laughing. 'Was it not worth going through to—to bring me to the present?'

I looked down in that sweet fair face, and I prayed heaven to grant me virtue to be a worthy custodian of a treasure so rich and pure.

FUNNY SAYINGS AND ANSWERS BY JUVENILES.

IN an article which appeared some time ago in *Chambers's Journal*, and which was entitled 'Unexpected Answers,' the writer asserted that 'no class of men seemed so likely to receive strange and unexpected answers as school inspectors.' This, perhaps, is not quite correct. The inspector only occasionally appears on the scene at school, whilst the teacher is part and parcel of the scene, and always there. The fact is that the comical element amongst youngsters is not nearly so frequently made note of by teachers as it might be, and many Twain-like sayings and laughable answers are thus lost, giving only a temporary diversion and hilarity amid the tedium and monotony of school-work.

Examinations are the times at which our juvenile shooting-stars pop off their unwitting jokes with most frequency. At times, too, the squibs hit the teacher, but only to tickle him, although thoughts may cross his mind that his instructions in geography, Scripture history, or other pedagogy must have been defective, and somehow not lucid to the 'young idea.'

The vicar of a certain parish in Sussex was in the habit of giving religious instruction at the grammar-school of the town. At the close of his series of lessons, he was wont to receive written replies on the subject-matter. On being asked what a 'laver' was, one answer was indited: 'A labourer is a washing-vessel or bason;' the writer thoughtfully concluding, for the credit of his calligraphy, 'George Juniper, forth class, wrote with a sprain thumb.'

A teacher having told his class that 'divers' meant 'various' in the verse beginning, 'But when divers were hardened,' added, that to make the sense complete another word (people) was necessary; whereupon a pupil instantly rose and read out the petrifying paraphrase, with considerable emphasis on the article, 'But when the divers were hardened.'—Asked to place an adjective before the noun 'tree,' an unconscious but grammatical one wrote, 'wooden—wooden tree.'

It is to be supposed that our next youth had heard that the eagle could gaze at the sun without winking. He wrote, however, in a rather

redundant way: 'The Romans never had flags but a eagle on their sticks, it is a noble bird, it looked up at the sun with its eyes open.' Historians make a mistake in calling Christopher Columbus a Genoese—he was an Englishman, for, with the spirit of patriotism burning in him, a boy says: 'The first Englishman who sailed round the world was by name Christopher Columbus.'

The following geographical definitions may be of use to our Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society: 'A cape is a piece of land joining the sea;' and 'a volcano is a burning mounting with spits fire and lather.' That the earth is round is proved by the fact that the earth goes round the sun!—A little well-brought-up boy wrote: 'Geography tells us about the earth and the sea, countries and rivers and lakes and'—with a devout and extraordinary apostrophe pens the invocation—'above grace give us knowledge.'

The under-mentioned lad held up his hand triumphantly whilst several companions gave the correct answer. His twinkling eyes showed he knew, if they didn't. 'How many feet were there in a field where stood a shepherd, his boy, and five sheep?'—'Four' was his eager reply; because the rest, he said, 'weren't feet—they were only trotters.'

A quiet and watery-eyed pupil transcribing, 'These poor savages cannot be called the ancestors of the British people,' was slightly in error when he wrote, 'These poor sausages,' &c.—Being asked for examples of animals having coarse hair, one boy thought a Shetland pony. After a pause, another remarked that a pig, too, had coarse hair. But this was completely beaten by another boy, who rose to wind up the subject by stating that 'hedgehogs and porcupines,' he considered, 'had the coarsest and stiffest hair of all.'

A master having propounded the Darwinian theory that such birds as herons, storks, and the like owe their length of leg to the habit, extending over ages, of seeking their food in the water and constantly dragging their feet out of the mud, met a poser from a juvenile anti-Darwinian who requested to know, 'How long will the legs of herons be in a few more ages?'—A boy in the same division was heard shortly afterwards to give a malicious recommendation to another rejoicing in the sobriquet of 'Stumpy' on account of his remarkably short understandings. He recommended 'Stumpy' to 'wear heavy boots.'

In the course of a reading lesson, the word 'sensation' cropped up, and the teacher asked what it meant. Receiving no satisfactory response, he attempted to elicit the answer by saying: 'Come, boys, I'm sure you must know; it's something, for instance, which passes up your arms when you touch a galvanic battery. What is it? Well, my lad, I see you know.'—'Something we feel, sir.'—'Yes, that is very good,' encouraged the questioner; 'but I want the name for it.'—'Please, sir, I know,' came an answer from another part of the class: 'my mother caught one up our Tom's sleeve this morning.'

In examining the boys in the composition of sentences, a master began: 'If I ask you,' said he, 'what have I in my hand? you must not say simply "Chalk," but make a full sentence of it, and say: "You have chalk in your hand." Now I

will proceed. What have I on my feet?' The answer came immediately: 'Boots.'—'Wrong; you haven't been observing my directions,' he rebukingly replied. 'Stockings,' another heedlessly ventured to answer. 'Wrong again—worse than ever,' wrathfully exclaimed the *magister*. 'Well?' he continued interrogatively to a lad near him. 'Please, sir;' then he paused—perhaps he thought it *might* sound funny, but he felt it *must* be right, and so he recklessly gasped it out: 'Corns!'

'What are you talking about there?' demanded a teacher, addressing himself to the loquacious son of a railway porter. But the teacher obtained no response, and was obliged to ask another lad who sat next the delinquent. 'What was George talking about?'—'Please, sir, he was saying as his father's trousers is sent down to Brighton when they gets old, and they's made into *sugar* there, and that's how 'tis sugar's gone down!'

Another Cuvier has arisen. He is very young yet; but the time will come when he will take his proper place as the leading light among animal physiologists. In his essay on the horse he wrote only a bit, but that bit was good—it was concise, and to the point. The examiners showed the paper upon which the dissertation was written to one another, and smiled approvingly at the little author. Young Cuvier had simply touched upon the subject in a geometrico-physico manner:

'*Essay on the Horse*.—The horse is a useful creature. It eats corn it is a sort of square animal with a leg at each corner and has a head at one end and a tale at the other.'

The examiners forgave the little chap. He looked innocent. They thought his mind had been perhaps wandering—that he had been thinking about his hobby-horse.

The following is a sample of a young historian's acumen: 'In 1839 the English had to stop the advance of Russia in India, and Suraja Dowla was made governor. In 1846 confusion again broke out, but the English government went out and stopped it. This led to the appointment of a Secretary of State. It consisted of fifteen persons.'—Mathematicians will be surprised to learn that 'a circle is a figure contained by a straight line.'—Students of geography may not know that 'the Nile is the only remarkable river in the world. It was discovered by Dr Livingstone, and it rises in Mungo Park.'—Home influences appeared in the answer of a child, whose father was a strong teetotaler, to the query, 'Do you know the meaning of syntax?'—'Yes,' was the ready reply; 'syntax is the dooty upon spirits.'

A lady asked one of the children in her Sunday-school class, 'What was the sin of the Pharisees?' 'Eating camels, ma'am,' was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees 'strained at gnats and swallowed camels.'—'In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?' questioned a teacher of the stolid-looking boy at the foot of the class. 'Dead,' was the quiet response.—'What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?' asked a lady of her Sunday-school class. There was silence for some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with, 'The baby, please, ma'am.'—'Do you know, mamma, I don't believe Solomon was so rich after all?' observed a sharp boy to his mother, who prided herself on her orthodoxy. 'My child!' she

exclaimed in pious horror, 'what does the Bible say?'—'That's just it,' he answered. 'It says that "Solomon slept with his fathers." Now, surely, if he had been rich he'd have had a bed to himself.'—A teacher, in trying to explain to her scholars the meaning of repentance, used this illustration: 'Suppose a bad boy were to steal an orange, and his good mother should catch him with it, and take him by the hand gently and tell him how wicked it is, and how very, very grieved she was; don't you think, now, that the little boy ought to feel sorry?' One of the scholars eagerly replied: 'Yes, mum.'—'And why, Marmaduke?' 'Cause.'—'Because why, Marmaduke?' 'Because he hadn't et the orange befo' his ma catch him and tuck it away from him!'

'Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?' asked the master of an infant school. 'I have,' shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class. 'Where?'—'On the elephant, sir.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE recent meeting of the British Association at Manchester conclusively proves, if any proof were needed, that the public take a great and increasing interest in modern developments of science. The attendance of nearly four thousand persons, which is more by five hundred than the number registered at any previous meeting, and the collection of more than four thousand pounds in money, are two facts which speak for themselves. The general Committee, with the help of this satisfactory support, have been enabled to put aside half that sum for purposes of research; for those purposes, indeed, which represent the real work for which the British Association was founded. The recent meeting was no less successful with regard to papers read, and although none of these can be said to deal with any very startling theme, several of them were full of interest. We need hardly say that the social part of the business was carried on with as much enjoyment as is customary. Manchester is a city full of factories of various kinds and businesses of a technical character, and thus the visitors had plenty to see and to study.

It is gratifying, says the *Lancet*, to learn that humanity, to say nothing of good taste, has asserted itself at last among a section at least of the fairer portion of the fashionable world. At a conference of ladies held in Bond Street on the subject of dress, it was decided, a few days ago, that the plumage of small birds should no longer be considered as fashionable trimming for robes or bonnets. Let this decision become accepted by the community in general, and a blot on our civilisation will have been removed.

Messrs Griffiths Brothers, of 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C., call attention to the fire-proofing solution and paint with which the buildings at the Manchester Exhibition have been protected. They claim for these preparations that they will not flake off; that they contain no caustic alkali or chemical calculated to injure the most delicate material; that the paint can be made in any colour; and that it is no more expensive than ordinary oil-paint. If these materials fulfil

all the advantages which are claimed for them, theatrical managers cannot afford to ignore them.

Captain Cook and his voyages in the South Seas belong to the romantic days of a past era, and the name of the brave old mariner is now seldom quoted. But once more he comes before public notice, and in a strange way. An old house in Soho Square, London, in process of demolition, has revealed a certain recess furnished with doors, which had remained hidden and unopened for half a century. In this recess has been found a remarkable collection of articles gathered during Captain Cook's voyages in the South Pacific. The building in which these relics have been found formed part of the Museum of Sir Joseph Banks, who accompanied Captain Cook on his travels. Inside the panelling was found this inscription, in Sir Joseph Banks' handwriting: 'Instruments used, carvings, weapons and heads collected by Captain Cook during the voyage of the *Endeavour*.' Among the relics, perhaps the most remarkable are some old quadrants and other instruments used on board the *Endeavour*; two mummied, tattooed heads of New Zealand chiefs; and a wooden bowl with lips, used, in the dark days of cannibalism, for handing round human blood.

M.D., writing to the *Times*, gives a most useful note of warning to those who at this season of the year return to their town abodes. These houses, he points out, have in most cases been practically uninhabited for weeks. The traps, which when full of water seal the sewers, have probably by evaporation become inoperative; hence the shut-up house gets full of noisome gas, which we may observe does not necessarily betray its presence by a smell. He urges upon the returning inmates the importance of allowing every tap to run for a time, while the windows at the front and back of the house are opened. He has traced many cases of sore throat to the neglect of this sanitary precaution.

An American medical journal gives the following cure for whooping-cough, which is said to be most effectual; it has at any rate the virtue of simplicity, and, unlike some remedies, it cannot do harm, even if no good results from its adoption. The method consists in fumigating with sulphur the sleeping-room, as well as any other room used by the patient, together with his bedding, clothes, toys, and everything which he uses. The sulphur is simply burned in the apartments, while the clothes are hung up in any convenient manner, and the rooms remain closed, and subjected to the fumes for about five hours. Everything is then well aired, and the rooms are once more ready for the occupation of the sufferer.

According to the *Lancet*, an alkaloid called Stenocarpine has been discovered by a New York doctor, which it is probable may become a formidable rival to cocaine. It is said that if one or two drops of a two per cent. solution of this preparation be communicated to the eye, any operation may be performed on that sensitive organ with complete absence of pain. The anesthesia caused by the administration of the drug lasts for twenty minutes. This new alkaloid does not seem to have been yet tried in this country; but no doubt we shall soon have reports as to its alleged efficiency.

In a paper read before the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a curious statement was made, that although the population had increased thirty per cent. in ten years, blindness had increased to the extent of one hundred and forty per cent. in the same period. Why this should be so is not stated. But it is alleged that the United States actually spend about five millions sterling annually in support of the blind.

A new method of collecting gold from its ores has been invented by Mr B. C. Molloy, M.P., under the name of the Hydrogen-Amalgam process. It is well known that particles of gold, such as are found in crushed ore, readily amalgamate with mercury, from which metal the gold is afterwards freed by heat. Under ordinary conditions, the amalgam 'sickens,' as it is called, that is to say, its surface becomes quickly contaminated by certain products of the ore, which coat its surface and prevent its amalgamating action. From this cause only, it has been computed that nearly half of the precious metal found is washed away uncaptured in the form of a fine floating dust. In the new process, the power of electrolysis is called into play. The mercury is placed in a shallow pan about one inch in depth and forty-one and a half in diameter. In the centre of this pan there is a battery cell, so connected with the mercury that hydrogen is constantly given off by that metal, and forms an amalgam upon its surface. This insures absence of that sickening action to which we have already referred. The mercury is kept constantly bright, and the particles of gold are pressed into contact with it by means of a revolving iron disc which floats upon its surface. It is said that by this process every particle of gold is bound to be caught; it cannot possibly escape. The entire machine weighs about five hundred-weight, and will deal with ten tons of ore per day.

Mr Henry Fiennell, who has for many years been endeavouring to preserve an authentic record of the largest salmon caught in the various waters of the United Kingdom, has lately written to protest against unauthorised stories of captures of large fish, which so constantly appear in the various newspapers, but have no foundation in fact. He has made close inquiries into one or two of these tales, and is positive as to their unreliability. For instance, a salmon said to be from the Tay, and weighing eighty-seven and a half pounds, was a short time ago exhibited at a London fishmonger's. This monster has, it seems, now been identified with one weighing thirty pounds less. As a fact, the heaviest fish which has been caught in the river Tay this season scaled sixty-four pounds.

At a recent meeting of the Gas Institute, Mr Livesey is reported to have advised the gas shareholders to be content with smaller dividends, so that the price of gas may be reduced, by which means their business might be much extended and opposition kept away. The advice is well timed, for there are now in the market plenty of well-devised and safe lamps for the burning of cheap mineral oil. Many householders who burn gas because of its convenience in parts of their houses, prefer oil lamps for the living-rooms. Mineral oil gives a brilliant and pleasing light, and at the same time it does not blacken the ceilings. With

such a powerful rival in the field, Gas Companies should take the advice quoted.

Antiquaries and collectors of curiosities generally have always been subject to the operations of ingenious forgers. It is well known that the manufacture of antiquities is one which often flourishes, in spite of every endeavour to extinguish the nefarious trade. The latest instance of the kind is reported from Switzerland, where a band of these forgers stand unmasked and their villainy exposed. They devoted their peculiar talents to the reproduction of relics from prehistoric lake dwellings. In one case it was proved that a lacustrine shield had been skilfully made out of a copper plate, the metal having been afterwards steeped in mud for a long period, so as to give it the appearance of venerable age. There is reason to believe that the discovery, some years back, of various specimens of carved and engraved horn, and which pointed to the existence of a 'horn age,' was due to the operations of these ignoble artists. Once more the owners of cabinets will experience a thrill of doubt as to the genuineness of some of their specimens. Let them refrain from too close an examination. In such a case, ignorance is surely more blissful than full knowledge.

It is said that recently several fires have occurred in the chimneys of metropolitan restaurants, although every ordinary care has been taken to keep them free from soot. The cause is traced to particles of grease which are constantly arising from the cooking operations, and which quickly collect to a dangerous extent in the flues.

Attention having been called to the fact that the two Committees of experts appointed by the Department of Science and Art to inquire into the alleged deterioration of water-colour drawings have not yet sent in their Reports, an authoritative statement has been published giving the reasons for the delay. The Committees are engaged in some exhaustive experiments which cannot yet be concluded. In the meantime, every precaution is being taken to preserve the national drawings as far as possible from the action of light and other deleterious influences. The compiler of this statement reasonably asks, whether a drawing will have more exposure to light by the time one hundred thousand persons have seen it on the walls of a picture-gallery, or when each drawing separately has been taken by each of those persons out of a portfolio, a method of preservation which had been suggested.

An electrician in Ohio is said to have invented a new form of speaking-apparatus called a Sea Telephone, which is described as a sort of trumpet with which conversation in an ordinary tone of voice can be carried on between persons separated by three or four miles. The range of the instrument is said to be as much as twenty-six miles; that is to say, the sounds of a train or a whistle can be heard at a distance of thirteen miles in all directions. If we remember rightly, Mr Edison contrived an instrument of this kind, to which he gave the name of Megaphone. But his researches were merely of an experimental kind, and did not lead to any practical result. Perhaps this new inventor may be more fortunate.

At the time when the incandescent system of electric lighting came into vogue, it was

doubted whether the life of the little carbon filament within the glass globe would be long enough for practical purposes. But these doubts have long ago been set at rest. There are many such lamps which have been used in this country which have long outlived the period for which they were guaranteed to last; but they have all been eclipsed by one particular lamp in a newspaper office in Toronto. This lamp has been burning for several hours each night ever since November 1884. It was originally guaranteed to burn for six hundred hours; but its life has already been extended to six times that period.

We have more than once called attention to the circumstance that iron furnace slag, which used to be a waste product, is now being turned to various uses. In Germany, the slag is specially prepared for mending the roads, a material being produced called 'slagstone.' The method adopted is to run the liquid slag direct from the furnace into cast-iron moulds, which slightly taper towards the top. The mould has no bottom, but stands on an iron trolley, so that, when the slag is sufficiently set, it can be released, and the mould is ready to receive a fresh charge. The freshly moulded block is pierced, and its interior contents, still liquid, are allowed to run out. The block is then covered with cinders and allowed to cool gradually. This method insures a hard crystalline stone, which is found useful for purposes of paving.

A new method of preserving milk has been patented in this country. The process consists in placing the liquid in a closed vessel and injecting it pure oxygen. This process is patented by M. Brin of Paris, one of the same firm, we presume, now established in London for supplying pure oxygen for various purposes.

That energetic body, the Institute of Civil Engineers, invites contributions in the form of original papers upon different subjects. One or two of these we may mention: 'The Application of Liquid Fuel for Steam-boilers and other Purposes'; 'The Distribution of Electricity for Lighting Purposes, and its Application to the Working of Street Tramways'; 'The Utilisation of such Sources of Power as the Tides and the Radiant Heat of the Sun, and some International System of uniformly Lighting the Coasts of the World.' The Council of this Institution has power to award premiums for papers which may meet with their approval.

M. Jovis, whose experimental balloon ascents in Paris were recently adverted to, announces that he intends to make a balloon voyage from New York to Europe some time between the present month and January next. The time of starting will be governed by the state of the wind, which the adventurous aeronaut hopes to find in the right direction for his purpose. The balloon is to have a capacity of eight thousand five hundred cubic yards, and it is estimated that the voyage will be completed in less than sixty hours!

Although we hear much in the present day of the wonders of photography, it would seem that the rapid gelatine plates do not fulfil all the conditions that photographers require. We judge that this must be the case from the circumstance that a Frenchman offers a prize of one thousand francs (forty pounds sterling) for a process by

which a plate can be prepared which shall combine the advantages of gelatine with those of the old collodion process. The method must be simple, and must be capable of extreme sensitiveness. The competition will remain open until the last day of the year; and intending competitors must be prepared to furnish a full description of the process which they submit, accompanied by proofs of what it will do.

The Lighting Committee of the Glasgow International Exhibition, profiting by the great success achieved by the illuminated fountain at South Kensington, which was shown during recent Exhibitions there, have resolved to construct a fountain of a similar kind, but on a far larger scale. The well-known engineers, Messrs Gallo-way of Manchester, have been intrusted with the erection of this fairy fountain, the base of which is to be one hundred and ninety feet in diameter. One hundred jets of water will rise from this basin, and the electric light for giving them their coloured effects will be worked from a distance of two hundred feet from the fountain. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty horsepower will be necessary for furnishing the required amount of energy to produce the light for this beautiful display.

According to the *Electrician*, a new and quick method of soldering telegraph wires has been invented in Russia. The principal advantage of it lies in the saving of time required for the work, and also in the avoidance of any 'scraping,' which would to some extent reduce the strength of the wire. The process consists of dipping the two ends of the wire—already embraced by binding wire—into a vessel holding a considerable quantity of melted solder, upon the top of which there is sufficient powdered sal-ammoniac to leave a thick layer of liquid salt. The ends of the wire pressed into this vessel are quickly joined, however dirty they may be.

It is not generally known that the inflammable vapour of benzine can be ignited by means of friction. A case has occurred in Philadelphia which shows in a curious manner how an accident happened by this means. A boy was cleaning a printing-press with benzine, rubbing in the volatile liquid with a rag, when the vapour suddenly caught fire, and the poor boy was severely burnt. Another fact not generally known is that benzine can be ignited by a copper soldering tool at less than red-heat, for a case of accident has been recorded where a workman soldering a leak in a tin can holding this dangerous liquid, noticed that the application of the tool caused an immediate flame around the opening which he was about to seal. These two examples are quoted in a recent American publication.

There is now to be seen running on the pleasant waters of the Upper Thames a launch of novel construction. Apparently it is a steam-launch, for it has the outward appearance of one; but in reality it owes its motive-power to the explosive vapour of some hydrocarbon such as petroleum. It is indeed a petroleum engine applied, for the first time in this country, to the purpose indicated. No boiler is required, and therefore much space is saved. The boat is set in motion by the act of lighting a lamp, which lamp must be extinguished when it is desired to stop the engine.

The tank holds sufficient liquid for sixty hours' consumption at a cost of about one sovereign. This is clearly much cheaper than the quantity of coal required to do the same amount of work would be. There is also a great saving of labour, for no stoking is required, and a working engineer is hardly necessary. This new boat may possibly be the pioneer of a system which will drive the steam pleasure-launch from the Thames. We understand that it is of American origin.

THE GREAT VINE OF KINSELL.

The Black Hamburg vine of Kinnell, a former seat of the Macnabs, near Killin, at the western end of Loch Tay, in Perthshire, is one of the great sights of the Breadalbane country. It is now the largest specimen of a growing vine in the United Kingdom. The Marquis of Breadalbane, on whose grounds of Auchmore it is situated, is justly proud of this splendid vine, and has arranged that it may be seen by the public every Wednesday between the hours of ten and two o'clock. When we saw it this autumn, about five hundred bunches of luscious grapes were hanging from it, which, at an average of two pounds per bunch, means about half a ton of grapes. The yield of this prolific vine in recent years is interesting. In 1879 the yield was 1179 bunches; but 376 bunches being taken off green, only 803 were left to come to maturity. In 1880 the yield was 1274 bunches, 560 taken off, and 714 left to mature. In 1883 the yield was 2102 bunches; in 1884, 2172; in 1885, 2844; in 1886, 2868; and in the present year it yielded 2548 bunches, 500 only being left to mature. It now fills a glass house two hundred and seventy feet long, is growing as rapidly as ever, and is remarkably healthy looking. The stem, a little way above the ground, before it sends out its branches, measures one foot ten inches in circumference. It shoots out for five or six feet before it runs to branches. The only extra 'food' the soil now receives is old bones broken to about half an inch. It is now about fifty-six years since it was brought as a young and healthy shoot to Kinnell. It may be mentioned that the famous Black Hamburg vine at Hampton Court is less in size than this Kinnell vine, the leading branches, according to a recent authority, being about 110 feet long; but its principal stem is 38 inches in circumference.

The story of the vine as told by the oldest inhabitant is briefly this: There happened to be an English shooting-tenant in one of the Macnab residences called Auchlyne, in Glendochart. He was fond of sport, but at the same time had paid so much attention to horticulture as to organise a glass house in the garden, in which this shoot of the Black Hamburg vine brought from the south was planted. This sporting tenant having suddenly gone abroad, the healthy shoot was removed to Kinnell, near Killin, and planted there. It took root and flourished fairly well. A genius of a gardener, Robertson by name, now took means to aid its growth. He had a substantial subsoil of leaf-mould brought from near Finlarig, the burial-place of the Breadalbane Campbells, on the shores of Loch Tay. This soil he prepared in the usual way for use, and with his best gardening skill and experience,

the roots were sunk in this compost. The first year after this treatment, the results did not appear very satisfactory; a few scraggy grapes were the total yield. But immediately afterwards it began its remarkable growth and fruit-bearing, until it has attained its present magnificent condition. It is worth adding that the fruit of this vine is not sold or selfishly used in any way; but, with commendable liberality, the Marchioness of Breadalbane sends perhaps a hundred bunches at a time of these luscious grapes to the hospitals and infirmaries of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee.

SHADOWS.

I.

SAY, dost thou love me, dear? Those eyes of thine
Look at me through the shadows gray, that creep
Into this silent room, and stir the deep
Of my sad heart with longing, but to mine
They give no answer. Evermore they shine
Quietly grave as when in dreams of sleep
I see thee face to face. Does thy heart leap
Ever with joy to greet me? Would no sign
Set all my fears at rest? Dear, couldst thou stand
Intent on other things when I am there?
Wouldst thou not hasten forth to clasp my hand,
If but thou hearest my foot upon the stair?
I have no place in thy thoughts' shadowland;
I am not worthy, love, that thou shouldst care!

II.

I am not worthy! Yet the sunbeams bright,
At dawn, fall on the drooping wayside flower,
And straight it lifts its head to drink the shower
Of perfect blessing in. Forgot is night,
With all its cold and darkness, in the light
That thrills it through with life's strong, wondrous
power.
And thou, O my beloved! if thou shouldst dower
With love my life, that, erst so wan and white
Beside the world's wide way, should learn to glow
With colours vivid as the flaming west
Wore ere the twilight fell. The Past could throw
No shadow o'er a Present that had rest
'Neath love-light from thine eyes. So should I grow—
Not worthy of thee, dear—but ah, how blest!

KATE MELLERSH.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.*
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If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

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29, 1987.

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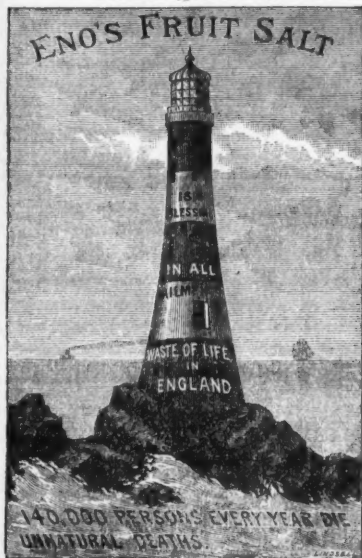
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"The fate of a Nation will ultimately depend upon the
strength and health of the population."—Beaconsfield.



WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED.

Read a large Illustrated sheet given with each
bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

ment, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions,
pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c., use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing,
and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages how to prevent Disease.

Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

SUSCEPTIBILITY TO TAKE INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

Dr W. B. CARPENTER, F.R.S., in a lecture, under the auspices of the National Health Society, speaking of Zymotic Diseases (Infectious Diseases), such as Cholera, Small-pox, Fever, &c., susceptibility to take them, he held, came in some cases from a poisoned condition of the blood, arising from the body retaining some portion of the wastes. These wastes, when not removed, were re-absorbed into the blood, and acted as a ready soil from which disease would germinate.

For the best method of preventing the spread of infectious diseases read a large illustrated sheet given with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE.

THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream, but not the raging torrent.

BLOOD POISONS.

The predisposing causes of Disease, or, how to prevent a susceptibility to take Disease.

After suffering from FEVER FOUR TIMES, in each attack with very great severity—in fact three of them could not have been more dangerous or critical—from a very extensive and careful observation, extending over a period of forty years, I am perfectly satisfied the "true cause" of fever is a disordered condition of the liver. The office of the liver is to cleanse the blood, as a scavenger might sweep the streets. When the liver is not working properly, a quantity of wastes or effete matter is left floating in the blood. Under these circumstances, should the poison germ of fever, small-pox, &c., be absorbed, then the disease results; on the contrary, any one whose liver and other organs are in a normal condition may be subjected to precisely the same conditions as to the contagious influences, and yet escape the fever. This, I consider, explains the seeming mystery that some persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable to the development of fever, who, in fact, live in the very midst of it—escape unscathed. This being the case, the importance of keeping the liver in order cannot be over-estimated; and I have pleasure in directing attention to my FRUIT SALT, which, in the form of a pleasant beverage, will correct the action of the liver, and thus prevent the many disastrous consequences; not only as an efficient means of warding off FEVERS and malarious diseases, but as a remedy for, and preventive of, BILIOUS or SICK HEADACHES, CONSTIPATION, VOMITING, THIRST, ERRORS OF EATING and DRINKING, SKIN ERUPTIONS, GIDDINESS, HEARTBURN, &c. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without a supply. In many forms of FEVER, or at the commencement of any fever, ENO'S FRUIT SALT acts as a specific. No one can have a simpler or more efficient remedy; by its use the poison is thrown off and the blood restored to its healthy condition.

SUDDEN CHANGES OF WEATHER, ANY EMERGENCY, INFLUENZA, FEVERISH COLDS.—DRAWING AN OVER-DRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

—Late hours, fagged, drawing an over-draft on the bank of life, influenza, feverish colds, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.